East Side

By P. D.

The Petal Paper

B. J. Thompson
246 Westminister Dr., NE
Atlanta, Georgia

7:30 P.M.
Community Center

VOL. 4, NUMBER 18 SINGLE COPY TEN CENTS THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1957

Dear Mama:

I reckon no one knows better than you that I spent twenty-one years in the public schools of Mississippi, having entered at the age of four and having stopped at the the age of twenty-five.

But I was took . . . and I'm unhappy about it. I was the victim of "progressive education," a theory which has caused me great unrest, and is now causing me no end of unhappiness.

Well, at last the great light is shining, and I'm beginning to clear my thinking a bit. Praise God for the citizens' councils, and especially for their paper of February, 1957, in which they point the way to true happiness for a southern boy!

Their paper, Mama, carries a "Manual For Southerners," and I have long since been an advocate of such a publication. You remember last year when I got caught in that airplane with them Negroes? And I didn't know what to do, so upon returning home I suggested that the council of citizens put out a manual for fouled up Southerners such as me, you recall?

Well, it's here, and I'm so happy. Salvation at last! They said that "for too long Southern children have been "progressively educated" to scorn their origins and the reasons for our bi-racial society." And, Mama, the manual is to correct this blight from which we children of a dark age suffer. Praise the Lord!

The portion which appeared in the February, 1957 issue of the paper is for grades three and four. But, Mama, every adult SHOULD BE MADE TO READ IT! And especially them damnyankees ought to be made to read and understand it.

For your enlightenment I will quote a few excerpts from the Manual. Too, I will point out how much in error my "progressive" teachers were. I think the whole educational system should be investigated, and anyone disagreeing from the views stated in the manual should be fired. They are dangerous to formative minds. I know, as do all Southerners, that there is but ONE way . . . there is but ONE truth . . . there is but ONE way of life worthwhile . . . and that is ours!

From the Manual, Mama, from the Manual:

I. GOD MADE FOUR RACES

God made all of the people in the world. He made some of them white. He made some of them black. He made some of them yellow. And He made some of them red.

C. Pu NEANDERTHAL

Neanderthal To Seek Seat In U.S. Senate

(From Jan. 10, 1957 Issue)

Cornpone P. Neanderthal, above an outstanding Mississippian, has announced that in 1960 he will be a candidate for the seat in the United States Senate now held by james oh eastland.

Cornpone said his complete platform will follow at a later date. "In the meantime," he said, "I would like to point out that I got as much sense as the present choice of the people of Mississippi."

Cornpone is a seasoned politician, having served several terms as a Justice of the Peace. He is a graduate of Mississippi College, and has never played basketball against anyone except his own

At Dillard University —

The Case Of The Uncalled Quack

(On Monday, March 11, the editor of this paper delivered the address which follows to an assembly of students at Dillard University, New Orleans, La. It was delivered in quiet desperation. The Editor.)

PRESIDENT DENT, DEAN GANDY, FACULTY MEMBERS, AND MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT BODY:

On this day day, eight weeks ago, I received from Dean Gandy an invitation to speak here. Frankly, my first impulse was to decline as I have done on a few previous occasions.

That I did not decline is, of course, perfectly obvious. Though, the possibility does exist that we all would be better off had I declined.

The reasons I did not decline this invitation, I feel I should tell you, as best I can, at any rate. I accepted this invitation because I have an obligation—to me it's an obligation I cannot ignore, not even if I wanted and tried to. I am obligated to one person, and perhaps, in the final analysis the view I take is a selfish one. Even so, I think you'll agree that selfishness, such as one feels toward his own child, is permissible. This invitation was accepted by me because of the realization of the fact that to my daughter, who is just four years old, I am deeply and eternally, and I might add, gratefully, obligated.

The thought process by which I reached such a conclusion is of no great importance. Perhaps, as I said, it's just plain selfishness. But I will add this in my own defense, just a few other factors were involved . . . but the final obligation remained the same.

Going quite briefly into the thought process, provided that's what it was, is the fact that had my grandfather seen fit to have fulfilled his obligation to my father chances are I'd not have felt the obligation to be here today. Going further, had my own father seen fit to have fulfilled his obligation to me, the chances are I'd not have felt the necessity of being here.

One man told the story of a small Negro boy whom he'd seen come into a grocery store and ask for a ten-cent piece of salt meat. According to the narrator, the clerk in the store had said to the child, "Well, boy, for a dime you can smell the knife I cut salt meat with."

This story brought a thunderous amount of laughter in my Mother's house . . . and I was ashamed. Most ashamed. I didn't know why . . . and to this very day I'm not sure that I could explain my shame. I just left the room . . . I left without saying a word. As I recall, I was about seven years old.

During this same period of my childhood, I had a friend at one of the camps in which I lived. He was my favorite playmate, and about my own age, but he had one drawback . . . it was later before I became aware of the drawback from which he suffered. Because of the accident of birth which caused my friend, Tee, to be colored, it was understood that I was superior. Everyone seems to have understood it . . . except me. I am honest in saying that such an idea never once crossed my mind.

There were some things which I failed to understand. And at the age of seven or eight my limited ability to reason was even less than it is today. I could never get into my mind why Tee couldn't charge a nickel's worth of candy at the store to his daddy if I could charge candy to my daddy. I didn't do much thinking about it . . . I could charge candy . . . so I did. I would buy a dime's worth and give half of it to Tee, which to me, seemed a fair thing to do for a friend. True, I bought the candy and shared with Tee as I would expect him to share with me, had the situation been reversed.

But what I failed to do was to speak up for

Bastard Situation Is Reported Better By Welfare Department

Figures made available from the State Department of Public Welfare are sometimes capable of being misconstructed and require elaboration or correction.

Recent accounts in the press to the effect that an estimated 3,000 illegitimate children have been reinstated to the welfare rolls presents a case in point. From the low of 33,568 children receiving Aid to Dependent Children as of June 30 1956, to the 36,712 children receiving such aid as of January 31, 1957, there is indicated an increase of 3,144 children receiving assistance. The deduction that this represents only reinstatement of illegitimate children is in error. The fact is that in the period covered only 549 children were in the 175 homes determined by the County Boards of Public Welfare to be suitable and that these figures INCLUDED ALL ILLEGITIMATES REINSTATED.

In the period June 30 1956, through January 31, 1957, a total of 3,300 families with 10,346 children were approved for Aid to Dependent Children. Three reasons for such approval exceeded in number the unsuitable homes reinstated by County Boards of Public Welfare:

1,753 families with 5,496 children lost income or other resources; 702 families with 2,201 children had been living below the Welfare Department budget standards for longer than six months; 289 families with 906 children were transferred from one county to another or had a change of payee.

As contrasted with 3,300 cases approved for Aid to Dependent Children involving 10,346 children, the number of cases closed was 2,463 involving 7,313 children. The net increase for the period represented 837 homes with 3,033 children. This reconciles with the net increase of 3,144 children indicated above when suspensions because of temporary employment are taken into consideration.

A COMMERCIAL: But Let's Call It —

A Note To The Reader

This is a commercial.

This paper, in its fourth year now, has never designed an issue for subscription promotional purposes. This issue is so designed, and about 15,000 copies will be mailed out. You have one . . . this one.

Actually, as editor, I am not too sure as to how I should go about trying to induce you to subscribe to the paper.

Perhaps you'll take time to read the editorial reprints on the other pages, as well as the full page on the back. Or, perhaps, you'd like to know something about the policy of the paper?

On January 10th of this year I wrote the following for the column, East Side, which appears on the front page of the paper each week:

I have no idea as to the number of times I've tried

And especially them damnyankees ought to be made to read and understand it.

For your enlightenment I will quote a few excerpts from the Manual. Too, I will point out how much in error my "progressive" teachers were. I think the whole educational system should be investigated, and anyone disagreeing from the views stated in the manual should be fired. They are dangerous to formative minds. I know, as do all Southerners, that there is but ONE way . . . there is but ONE truth . . . there is but ONE way of life worthwhile . . . and that is ours!

From the Manual, Mama, from the Manual:

I. GOD MADE FOUR RACES

God made all of the people in the world. He made some of them white. He made some of them black. He made some of them yellow. And He made some of them red.

But, Mama, do you know what I was taught? I heard it in school and also in Sunday school. They told me that the first chapter of Genesis, verse twenty-six, read: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;" Now, what with this having been taught me in those early, formative years, and now with the REAL truth facing me, I have a mental picture of God as something like tutti-frutti . . . He's a mess of colors! Of course, I've always suspected that, in truth, God really came from the Southern side of infinity.

GOD PUT EACH RACE BY ITSELF

God put the white people off by themselves. He put the yellow, red, and black people by themselves. God wanted the white people to live alone. And He wanted the colored people to live alone. That is why He put them off by themselves.

WHITE MEN BUILT AMERICA

Some white people came to America. America is where you live. It is your country. The white men built America for you. They want you to have a free country that you can grow up in.

Now, Mama, don't you see what is causing my confusion, which, in turn, is causing my wholesale unhappiness? Here the truth is, finally, that God put this tutti-frutti bunch off by themselves, and I was taught that the white man actually brought over the Negro from Africa to hoe his cotton. I was taught in error, out of pure ignorance by teachers. According to my instruction, the white took the Negro man out of the place where God had put him and intended him to stay and began selling him like a sack of potatoes. And, Mama, about this business of some white people coming to America, I was taught the same thing, but I understood that red man was here and that the white man took the land from the red man. Since God put the red man here, could it be that God really didn't intend him to be here? But, and heaven forgive me, I didn't mean to Question the TRUTH of the Manual. I'm sorry. But it was my teacher's fault.

II AMERICA HAS FOUR PARTS

The United States of America has four parts. There is the part in the North. There is the part in the East. There is the part in the West. And there is the part in the South. Our country is very big. And white men built it all.

YOU LIVE IN THE SOUTH

Do you know what part of our country you live in? You live in the South. You know you live in Mississippi. Mississippi is a state in the South. The South is a big part of our country.

YOU ARE A SOUTHERNER

Do you know what Mississippi people are called? We are called Southerners. Southerners are people who live in the South. You are a Southerner. You live in the South.

Mama, is Mississippi bigger than the world?

You know, Mama, that part about "do you know what Mississippi people are called?" is to me, in view of my progressive education, misleading. Of course, I know what some Mississippi people are called . . . and it ain't Southerners, not altogether.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HELPED BUILD AMERICA

Have you ever heard about George Washington? He was a brave and honest white man. George Washington built our

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Cornpone said his complete platform will follow at a later date. "In the meantime," he said, "I would like to point out that I got as much sense as the present choice of the people of Mississippi."

Cornpone is a seasoned politician, having served several terms as a Justice of the Peace. He is a graduate of Mississippi College, and has never played basketball against anyone except his own kind.

Mr. Neanderthal is a charter member of the Ku Klux Councils of Mississippi, Inc., and is an ardent supporter of our way of life. Also, he has been quite successful in his chosen profession . . . coon hunting. He has the beaver badge.

Indicative of his adroitness, Cornpone stated for publication: "We got to keep those which aren't like us in their place."

Political circles in the state expect Cornpone to give eastland a run for his money, considering that he is more typical of the Mississippi politician than anyone else. Also, said informed sources, if Mr. Neanderthal is given the post as president of Mississippi College he will withdraw from the senate race.

(The above announcement was an error, this paper learned later. Mississippi has already elected Mr. Neanderthal to the Senate. —The Editor.)

Bones, Mr. Bones!

Separate?—Oh, Yes, Yes Indeed

THESE BONES WILL RISE AGAIN — APART

It's never too late to do good —and never too late to segregate.

In this spirit, the Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana Girault M. Jones and two eminent white colleagues proceeded with the de-consecration of the Girod Street Cemetery—first non-Catholic burial ground in New Orleans.

The Episcopalian-owned cemetery had fallen into disuse an disrepair, so it was decided to remove the remaining corpses elsewhere.

There was, however, a bit of a problem. In 1822—the date of the facility's founding—the insensitive early Episcopalians buried people on the assumption they were dead and not on the basis of color. Accordingly, white and Negro shared the same hollowed soil.

But the three latter day clerics, adorned in robes ceremonial, rectified this ancient breach of taste. They personally saw to it that the corpses went each their separate-but-equal ways to more suitable abodes; the whites to Hope Mausoleum, the Negroes to Providence Memorial Park.

In hoc Jim Crow signo vinces.

(The Southern Patriot)

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They failed . . . and in so failing, they passed to me a problem which they may have solved, or at least, a problem on which they should have made an effort. They failed . . . and because they failed, I have a problem . . . selfish person that I am, I have no desire to pass it on to my child. My thought process draws a blank when I consider that what was good enough for grandpa is good enough for my own child. In plain language, it ain't worth a damned.

It is my desire to see my daughter live a life of happiness, a life in which a person is respected and accepted as a human being on the basis of his individual merit . . . a life in which she can devote her energies toward something productive, perhaps even creative . . . at any rate, my obligation to her is to provide the opportunity to build . . . not destroy, nor even to cling to what she has as if it were all there was in the world.

But if I fail to face up to the times in which I live, if I fail to face reality, then I am failing to give her the things which I want desperately for her to have. I see no point in making any excuses . . . on that point, and in that desire, I'm selfish . . . as a matter of fact, I'm downright greedy.

In addition to the fact that I'm under an obligation to my child, aside from the fact that my forefathers failed to face up to their times, I am here because I am guilty of having failed to face up to my times . . . not only do I feel guilty about it, I am guilty of the sin of omission. I admit my guilt, and I'm ashamed. Nonetheless, facts are facts, and facing them is a part of the answer we all are seeking in these, our times.

The thing of which I feel such keen guilt is not for something I did, but for something I failed to do. And I might add, here and now, that the crime of omission is being committed more today, and by more persons, than ever before.

By birth, by custom, by tradition . . . and by no choice of my own, I'm a Southerner, having been born and reared in Mississippi. The earlier part of my life was spent living in various saw mill camps all over the southern part of the state.

One evening there was an incident in my Mother's house which I recall to this day quite vividly. In the center of the room there was a pot-bellied stove, glowing red on its diet of pine-knots. Around the room was gathered a group of saw mill workers, exchanging jokes of first one sort then another. The discussion turned to the high prices which prevailed during the first world war.

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There were some things which I failed to understand. And at the age of seven or eight my limited ability to reason was even less than it is today. I could never get into my mind why Tee couldn't charge a nickel's worth of candy at the store to his daddy if I could charge candy to my daddy. I didn't do much thinking about it . . . I could charge candy . . . so I did. I would buy a dime's worth and give half of it to Tee, which to me, seemed a fair thing to do for a friend. True, I bought the candy and shared with Tee as I would expect him to share with me, had the situation been reversed.

But what I failed to do was to speak up for a friend. I took the easy way out . . . and I was to learn later in life that most folks do things that way.

Anyway, having failed to speak up for Tee, I was failing to speak up for my daughter . . . but at the age of seven or eight it is a trifle difficult to project ones thinking almost three decades.

Nevertheless, I committed a sin by my silence . . . it was the sin of omission, about which I feel guilty to this hour. I don't like to feel guilty . . . it takes a lot out of a person . . . it takes out a lot that could be used to produce, to make whatever contribution a person is capable of making to the society in which he lives . . . and all persons have that obligation . . . each to the other.

As I said earlier, I am a Mississippian, and I would like to add that I'm about to be a presumptuous one at this point. Also, I am a product of my times; too, I'm a victim of my environment. Finding myself in such circumstances, I recognize that I am living in an age of analysis, psycho and otherwise, believe me.

I think it is unquestoinably true that all men, in the final analysis, seek the same end . . . peace of mind. Everything we know as human beings is aimed at the goal. With that fact in mind, I prefer to look on the South today as a physician, a many faceted physician I'd like to point out, as such a man of medicine would view a patient. Also, I would like to make it understood that the doctor is just as sick as the patient . . . there is but one notable difference between the two: The doctor knows he's sick, and in so realizing, is making an effort to cure himself.

At this point I want to make most clear a fact or two. Like everyone else, I am victim to my own ego. I view the South as a patient. That means I am setting myself up as a doctor. And you wonder about my qualifications? I have none. I am without a union card to treat the ill. Perhaps, after all, I'm nothing more or less than an uncalled quack. (But, suffering from these weaknesses of human nature, you will allow that I have confessed before committing my crime.

From my unqualified point of view, the South, collectively, is a patient most ill.

The patient suffers from a condition which has been growing on it for well over a century. The symptoms have taken many forms, but on close observation they all point to one direction. For the purpose of treatment, I would diagnose the case as that of a many

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Actually, as editor, I am not too sure as to how I should go about trying to induce you to subscribe to the paper.

Perhaps you'll take time to read the editorial reprints on the other pages, as well as the full page on the back. Or, perhaps, you'd like to know something about the policy of the paper?

On January 10th of this year I wrote the following for the column, East Side, which appears on the front page of the paper each week:

I have no idea as to the number of times I've tried to get across what amounts to the editorial policy of this paper . . . many, many times, and they've been doomed to failure with few exceptions. I shall try once again.

My views are quite simple. I contend that FAIRNESS is the basis on which our thinking should begin in all our human relationships. I hold that no person is safe in his right to human dignity so long as any person or group of persons is allowed to force their will and views on any other person or group of persons. That is, if "they" can do to "them", then, by golly "they" can do it you. And anyone who thinks that by joining "they" he is safe from getting done to himself is just plain whistling Dixie in the dark. And a darned poor tune it is, too.

Of course, I know that where the difference lies is in the concept of "fairness." I suppose there are as many concepts of the word as there are people. And to that end we have a few standards by which we can go. Try reading the words of Christ, without viewing Him as a Southerner. And then read the Bill of Rights, and be sure to check and see if it says anything about any special privileges to anyone.

So, quite basically, that is it, insofar as I'm concerned. And all this mess about being "a nigger lover," or "a Jew lover," and some other pet names which have been used in describing me is foolishness. Please understand this, I am not concerned with any single "race," "color," or "religion." I am concerned with the human heart and the right of all persons to attain human dignity, at least in the eyes of God, and himself, and under equal and just laws.

Perhaps that isn't much of an inducement. I don't know. But, basically, that's the policy I follow.

This sure is low-pressure selling, isn't it?

Well, this I know, you can get along without The Petal Paper, but whether it can get along without you is something else . . . I just may have to take a job with the Ku Klux Councils, writing about "Our Way of Life" for them. Of course, I've not been able in my thirty-five years to learn just what "our way of life" is, so the chance is that I'd be a flop.

Oh, well, I may just as well flop with my own views, I suppose.

Yours commercially,
P. D. East, Editor

Editor
The Petal Paper
Petal, Mississippi

Enclosed find $3.00 for a one year subscription to your paper. Send it to me at the following address:

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

CITY: .....

Really, Mississippi Is —

The Most Lied About State In The Nation

(From January 10, 1957 Issue)

A growing number of autos in the State of Mississippi are sporting tags which read: Mississippi, The Most Lied About State In The Union.

We agree with the tags.

Unfortunately, the lies are not necessarily being told by persons out of the state.

Zestful Zoology —

Us --- And Them Other Crawfish ---

(Of the hundreds of thousands of words to have been pecked on my old dilapidated Underwood, I think I enjoyed writing these most of all. It ran in my paper on April 21, 1955. The references made here to the Constitutional Amendment are, I think, self-explanatory. With reference to Joel Blass, he is a young attorney, Wiggins, Mississippi, and a member of the State Legislature. Blass headed the opposition to the amendment to abolish public schools in the state, which was an issue the latter part of 1954. Hodding Carter, I'm sure you know about. As I recall, in regard to this editorial, Hodding wrote me a letter in which he referred to it as "a masterpiece." Frankly, since the state now has a Gestapo in the Sovereignty Commission, I have destroyed all correspondence with everyone. One of the amusing sidelights on this editorial was the fact that about five staunch professional southerners bought subscriptions to my paper, telling me how pleased they were that I had made it clear to "them niggers as to their place." Without comment, I took their money.)

(From April 21, 1955 Issue

Once you have seen a Magnolia, you have seen all Magnolias; once you have smelled a Magnolia, you have smelled them all—every Magnolia looks alike and smells alike.

But with Crawfish, there is a difference — many kinds, numerous shapes, colors, and sizes, however, with rare exception, there is one thing common to them all, and that's the direction of movement.

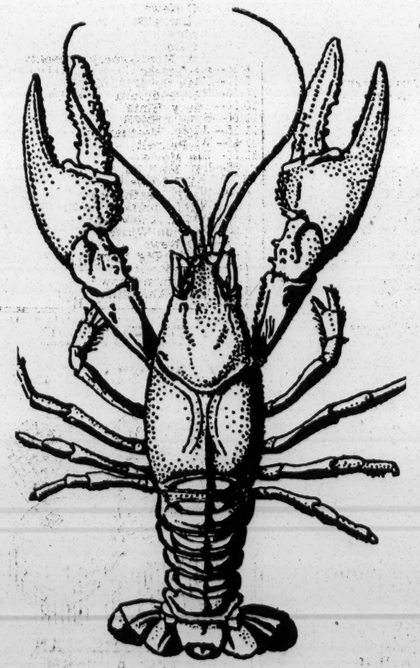
Once we can get every single crawfish to move in the same progressive direction, we propose to suggest to our Legislature to adopt him as our state symbol, replacing the Magnolia, which, as you can see, could never be truly representative of our progress in this state.

Now, at first you may find this a little hard to believe, but the crawfish is synonymous with our progress. Here in the State of Mississippi we are making progress, progress such as no state heretofore has known. Our sagacious leaders are showing us how; they are leading the way. Their aim is to protect us from those crawfish who haven't the intelligence to move backward, (as any sane crawfish knows) backward toward the mud from which he came.

Progress is a rare something that deserves reward; it is something that should be recognized, fostered, and nursed. Realizing this, (and just as soon as we can rid ourselves of the few crawfish who insist on moving forward) we humbly suggest that the smelly, snow-white Magnolia, present symbol of Mississippi, be replaced by the progressive, intelligent crawfish.

This state is on the threshold of its greatest movement — and, as we have said, there are some who want to travel uphill, straight ahead — and, of course, they must be dealt with before we can hoist the crawfish symbol.

From those crawfish in reverse, we are protected greatly. Indeed, we have our magnificent Legislature; we have our own great leaders going before us, pointing out the true direction in which progress is made— [illegible] such greats as Ex-Governor fielding



As everyone knows, the Crawfish is progressive; the Magnolia, of course, is not. We suggest humbly, therefore, that the progressive Crawfish replace the Magnolia as a symbol of our State.

to write "A reasonable interpretation of the section." And question twenty is a real whing-ding: It requires a voter to write his understanding of the "duties and obligations of a citizen under the constitutional form of government."

Now, at first, you may not think those are good, protective questions. We have given them considerable thought, and can assure you they are real peaches. Too, they fit so nicely into the progressive move directed toward hoisting the crawfish as our state symbol.

Well, let's take a look at how it can work to our advantage — here's one way: The sole judge of the "reasonableness of the answers" is the person in each county whose duty it is to register voters. Not only can he keep Blacks, Yellows, Reds, Pinks and Greens from voting, but he can keep anyone from voting who is so foolish as to disagree with our way of thinking. Now, that's real good — it is truly representative of progress.

You can take it one step further and immediately realize other benefits. This state needs a good, strong Huey P. Long type political machine, and someone with the courage of his convictions can, we would say within 5 to 10 years, build such an organization by taking full advantage of this situation. It's relatively simple: If a youngster wants to register to vote, his family has been so foolish as to have disagreed with our efforts to protect him, naturally, he would have to be disqualified — unable to give us a satisfactory understanding of the "duties and obligations of a citizen under the constitutional form of government."

Can you imagine the foolishness of the cry from some of the unprogressive crawfish, that if they can do it to one, they can do it to all. We answer them with a simple truth: Get on the band wagon, boys — don't be backward and start yelling about freedom and all that sort of thing; it's not best for us.

However, in view of all this, you will find it difficult to understand what happened a few weeks ago. One of those elected officials, whose sacred duty is to keep anyone who disagrees with us from voting, stood on his hind feet (Had the curl out of his tail, too.) in Jackson and said, "The people are against the amendment. They are sorry they voted for it and never would have if they had understood it. They were told the amendment would solve the segregation problem. They were misled."

That's the crawfish we have been talking about — he's just making a mess of things — see what he's trying to do — go uphill, and in an election year, too. A misguided rabblerouser heading in the wrong direction, that's all.

Our wonderfully gifted leaders have protected us further than most of us realize. They told us to turn over our public schools to the Legislature, and anytime anyone, inside or outside our state, tried to differ with our opinion, the public schools would be abolished. That's more progress, truly representative; the kind we need if we're to hoist the Crawfish symbol. And another thing, that will teach those backward, slow-witted, hill-climbing crawfish a thing or two. None of this business of the bull swinging the tail with our leaders; indeed, anytime the tail can't swing the bull, why, we'll just simply progress some more toward the mudhole.

An interesting sidelight on this admirable situation is the recent mandate from the Legislature to the Trustees of Institutions of High Learning, having to do with screening speakers before they be allowed to address students in the state. Why, indeed, anyone with an idea different from ours should not be allowed to open his mouth — that's how trouble gets started, someone going around putting ideas into the heads of young people. And to think there are those ever-present backward crawfish who cried out "A backward step for higher learning." We blush to think about them — that is near treason. That someone would question the type of leadership we have is unforgivable.

Poor, sad, mistaken crawfish that they are, who think that uphill, straight ahead, is the best way to progress. Naturally, our splendid leaders will deal with them in a fitting and proper manner. One such misguided unfortunate is Hodding Carter, Demon of the Delta, who would dare put the pursuit of truth ahead of the interest of our leaders. But we sort of figure he has learned his lesson — our sagacious House of Representatives has censured him, eighty-nine nobles of that august body, no less. The noble eighty-nine said that all might hear: Carter sold out Mississippi for 50,000 pieces of silver. And Carter, uninformed ingrate that he is, replied: "Go to hell!" A special invitation he offered, mind you.

Now isn't that just awful?

Among that august group who set Carter straight were nineteen who were not so august, they had the nerve to refuse to vote for the resolution to condemn Carter. Can you possibly imagine that? And one of them, who doesn't know that the silly idea of forward motion is contrary to progress, a youngster from Stone County, Mississippi Joel Blass, defied our wonderful leaders. "I have been lashed," he said, "by the Citizens Councils. They exist for the avowed purpose of destroying any person who disagrees with them. Economic pressure, chief weapon of the councils, is inhumane and not worthy of white men. Such methods do violence to the principles of justice."

We ask you, just how wrong can anyone get?

Possibly Blass is too young to know the benefits of our movement — but there were eighteen others — something will have to be done with those misguided misfits.

But the Delta Demon, Hodding Carter, should have known better — surely he can realize the fact that our glorious leaders will take the curl out of his tail, indeed, may even pinch it off, if he isn't careful and doesn't get in line.

Maybe he thinks the hope of knowing the truth and trying to understand it, leaves him without the need of a tail, or a curl in it. Well, if our leaders haven't convinced him yet, they will. You know, Carter won the Pulitzer Award once, but, of course, that's of no consequence — it wasn't approved by our sagacious leaders, nor by our glorious Legislature.

Briefly, there you have it. As a 100% redblooded Mississippian; we feel the Magnolia should give way to the crawfish — and soon, too. Progress in our state is made that way, and everyone knows that the route is downhill, backward, toward the mud. (This being election year, a lot of good mud is going to be needed.)

Except for a few, anyone can see the glory of our progress — but don't worry about that few, because —

We have Our Glorious Leaders . . .

May a kind and merciful God help us!

On The Magnolia Midway —

Cotton Candy

[illegible] hot to the sugar-threading point, and the great glorious

Animal Act Entertains The Council

(From Jan. 17, 1957 Issue)

It walks! It talks! It stands on its hind-legs!

Such were the exclamations heard in the audience of the citizens council members who watched the trained animal which was presented to them last Friday night at the Forrest County courthouse.

It spoke on "Racial Integration Problems." The audience was amazed.

It is well known in WCC circles, according to reports, and is much in demand. It went to college, has written such an outstanding best-seller as "The Civil Governorships of President Andrew Jackson," and "The Carpet-Bag-Scallawag-Negro Decade," is soon to be released; and it teaches school.

It is a Lion, a 32nd degree Mason, and a Shriner. It is also active in church work.

All who saw its performance were amazed.

Its name? Oh, yes, DOCTOR w. m. caskey, of Mississippi College, Clinton, Miss.

A Correction And Apology

(From Jan. 17, 1957 Issue)

The Petal Paper regrets the omission of one fact in the news release of Mr. Cornpone Pu Neanderthal's announcement last week. In view of the omission, the paper extends its apology to Mr. Neanderthal.

As to the possible manager for his forthcoming campaign, Mr. Neanderthal stated that he would "possibly" get Dr. Nelson, retiring president of Mississippi College for the post.

He stated further that in the event Dr. Nelson could not fill the post he would "possibly" ask Dr. Caskey, present head of the political and social science department at Mississippi College.

In a brief interview with Mr. Neanderthal this week, in which the paper's apology was extended, he said: "We've got to maintain our way of life."

(Editor's Note: We have received several letters since last week

Here in the State of Mississippi we are making progress, progress such as no state heretofore has known. Our sagacious leaders are showing us how; they are leading the way. Their aim is to protect us from those crawfish who haven't the intelligence to move backward, (as any sane crawfish knows) backward toward the mud from which he came.

Progress is a rare something that deserves reward; it is something that should be recognized, fostered, and nursed. Realizing this, (and just as soon as we can rid ourselves of the few crawfish who insist on moving forward) we humbly suggest that the smelly, snow-white Magnolia, present symbol of Mississippi, be replaced by the progressive, intelligent crawfish.

This state is on the threshold of its greatest movement — and, as we have said, there are some who want to travel uphill, straight ahead — and, of course, they must be dealt with before we can hoist the crawfish symbol.

From those crawfish in reverse, we are protected greatly. Indeed, we have our magnificent Legislature; we have our own great leaders going before us, pointing out the true direction in which progress is made— among them such greats as Ex-Governor fielding wright, His Excellency, Governor of Mississippi, hugh white; we have that Spark of the Citizens Council, robert patterson, and of course, that Delta Flower himself, walter sillers.

In Mississippi today there is nothing to fear, not even that small group of misguided crawfish who insist on going in the wrong direction.

For our own protection, here's what we've had the foresight to do: Some six months ago the citizens of this state voted for a Constitutional amendment, and it has now been written into the State Constitution, requiring voters who register write out the answers to twenty questions on three legal sized sheets of paper. And they're good, protective questions, too; for example, question eighteen requires the voters to copy a section of the State Constitution, requiring voters who register over our public schools [illegible] anyone, inside or outside our state, tried to differ with our opinion, the public schools would be abolished. That's more progress, truly representative; the kind we need if we're to hoist the Crawfish symbol. And another thing, that will teach those backward, slow-witted, hill-climbing crawfish a thing or two. None of this business of the bull swinging the tail with our leaders; indeed, anytime the tail can't swing the bull, why, we'll just simply progress some more toward the mudhole.

An interesting sidelight on this admirable situation is the recent mandate from the Legislature to the Trustees of Institutions of High Learning, having to do with screening speakers before they be allowed to address

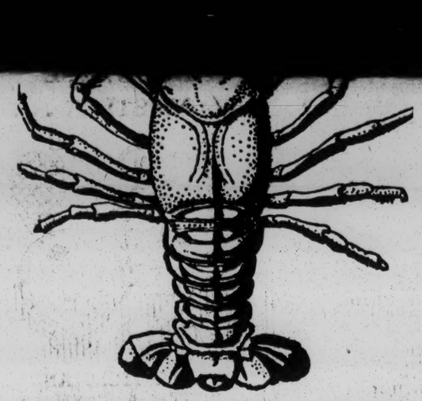
Pulitzer Award once, but, of course, that's of no consequence — it wasn't approved by our sagacious leaders, nor by our glorious Legislature.

Briefly, there you have it. As a 100% redblooded Mississippian; we feel the Magnolia should give way to the crawfish — and soon, too. Progress in our state is made that way, and everyone knows that the route is downhill, backward, toward the mud. (This being election year, a lot of good mud is going to be needed.)

Except for a few, anyone can see the glory of our progress — but don't worry about that few, because —

We have Our Glorious Leaders . . .

May a kind and merciful God help us!



As everyone knows, the Crawfish is progressive; the Magnolia, of course, is not. We suggest humbly, therefore, that the progressive Crawfish replace the Magnolia as a symbol of our State.

On The Magnolia Midway —

Cotton Candy

(From July 26, 1956 Issue)

At the entrance of Wonderland there is a big iron pot, moderately sanitary, that is second only to the widow's oil supply for mass production of miracles it can do.

It changes granulated sugar in pauper amounts to spun sugar in millionaire amounts; and when the pot is hot to the sugar-threading point, and the great glorious puffy clouds come bulging out — enough to decorate the whole Delta landscape — only a stony-hearted-realist could stand the shock of the profit percentage. Damned good profit.

"Naw, Bud, I wouldn't choose no candy just now. Pass it to your Maw. Druther have a bite of my apple sun-cured."

In view of the [illegible], the paper extends its apology to Mr. Neanderthal.

As to the possible manager for his forthcoming campaign, Mr. Neanderthal stated that he would "possibly" get Dr. Nelson, retiring president of Mississippi College for the post.

He stated further that in the event Dr. Nelson could not fill the post he would "possibly" ask Dr. Caskey, present head of the political and social science department at Mississippi College.

In a brief interview with Mr. Neanderthal this week in which the paper's apology was extended, he said: "We've got to maintain our way of life."

(Editor's Note: We have received several letters since last week from persons wanting to know if we had the picture of Mr. Neanderthal confused with that of Senator Eastland. We'd like them to know that the correct picture was run, but admit the difference in the appearance of the two men is slight.)

faceted, highly complicated, malignant condition.

Now, there are a number of schools of thought where patient treatment is concerned, as you well know. I'll not bother with going into them. Just let me tell you the school of thought to which I subscribe. I am of the empty gourd school. The theory, quite basically, is that to render a cure, first get out of the patent that which is causing his illness, to get it out of the patient and into an empty gourd is to bring about a cure. Naturally, we seal up the gourd after the cause is in it.

So much for the school of medicine to which I subscribe. The ultimate cure of the patient is our aim.

It is a known fact that one of the surest signs of illness is the ever-lasting insistence by the patient that he's not sick at all. It's everyone else, provided it's anyone, according to the patient. And under such circumstances it's a safe thing to consider the possibility that when everyone is ill, no one is ill . . . or, at any rate, to consider that the norm has lost its meaning.

And no matter how well qualified a doctor is, he has to have the help of the patient before he can effect a cure. The patient which is under consideration has been helpful to the uncalled quack, quite without his knowing it. He has sprung a leak at Mongomery; he has blown a gasket at Tuscaloosa; he split at various seams in other places . . . and at Clinton, Tenn., he almost ruptured himself! These are symptoms which I have taken into account.

And I am convinced of the fact that the patient is in a serious condition. But is the patient convinced? Does he admit his illness? Only time will tell.

But in arriving at a prescription for the patient, we should know a little about his history. First, let us find out if the patient has been taking anything about which we should know. The answer is in every history book; it's primarily a matter of reading the facts objectively. The patient has been taking a concoction known as snake oil. He's been getting it from snake oil peddlers who have been in the business for centuries. They're slick characters, and know their business. The peddlers of snake oil have made many a buck off the unsuspecting patient, but of more importance, from their point of view, is the fact that they have been able to keep the patient under their control by his having become addicted to their medication.

The patient likes snake oil. It deadens the pain from which he suffers . . . but it does nothing toward bringing about a cure. Having run a lab check on snake oil, I find the contents to be ego-centric thinking, used as a base, with equal parts of selfishness, conceit, arrogance, pride, and more than a trace of down-right stupidity . . . and as I said, it deadens the pain, but it also deadens the patient . . .

Now, how can the patient be taken off the medication to which he has become accustomed? That is the question . . . and to it I have no answers. The illness can be pointed out to the patient, but the final decision, as to whether the patent wants to be cured, is up to him. There are no laws to make a person take anything he doesn't want to. A patient has to want to be well before anything can be done for him. And there are inducements, the greatest of which is peace of mind . . . but that's quite an involved matter.

At this point, we have a brief history of the patient, and since we have made a diagnosis of the case, right or wrong remains yet to be seen, then our next step is to offer a new prescription.

I would prescribe for the patient under discussion a mixture of ingredients, to be compounded with exacting care and accuracy by the patient himself. For the want of a better name, I'd call the prescription . . . BITTERS.

It's a nasty dose, admittedly, but if the diagnosis is correct, BITTERS will sooner or later bring about a cure . . . at least, in most cases. Of course, it is understood that to all things there are exceptions . . . that we must grant.

I may as well admit to the fact that the prescription of BITTERS is a trifle complicated. The ingredients are the same for each individual, true, but the actual dosage is dependent entirely on the patient himself. And to further complicate the matter, I remind you again of the fact that the patient insists he's not ill.

Since I am like the patient, a product of my times, a victim of my environment, and since I recognize the fact that I'm ill, I insist that my brother is also ill . . . to some degree, at any rate. This insistence is, as I have already admitted, a weakness of human nature. I cannot overemphasize the importance of the fact that the patient admit his illness and that snake oil just might be an outmoded remedy to which his addiction is sapping from him vital life blood. Without the recognition of this basic fact nothing short of surgery is going to help.

And I feel it only fair to remind the patient of the fact that the Federal Government has the necessary instruments to operate.

At to the prescription of BITTERS, I would use as a base a strong belief in God, and that all men, after all, are the children of God. I would not insist that any man be his brother's keeper, but I would insist that he include a generous helping of being his brother's brother.

Next, I would include a dash, but not too small, of objective thinking. The use of this ingredient would be to bring about a condition in the patient whereby he admits there is in this world a few things beside himself.

Next, I think might be the bitterest of all the ingredients . . . but it's a magic item, and quite rare, or at least used rarely, called tolerance. Use it freely . . . it has never been known to hurt anyone.

Further, I'd add humility. Humility is included in the hope of offsetting a harmful effect from the extended use of snake oil. With it, perhaps, if used generously, it might get into the gourd an evil from which the patient has suffered long . . . false pride. I don't know but what I'd throw in a dash of shame, too.

Then, I would add generosity, compounded with a touch of liberalism. These items would be used in the hope of broadening the soul of the patient . . . aimed at making the soul less stingy and selfish.

After that, a dash of modesty in compound with a bucketfull of decency . . . again, no patient has ever died from the use of these ingredients.

And then, add equal parts of patience, forbearance, forgiveness . . . and just any item on which we could lay our hands to help the patient keep his temper under control.

Another item, I think, should be a generous helping of temperance, badly needed in this prescription. The use of it should not be spared.

Then, in an effort to get a deadly evil out of the patient and into the gourd, I would add generosity, kindness, and consideration in abundance.

Last, in the hope of keeping the patient on the mend, to keep him from suffering a relapse, I would add a sufficient amount of diligence and industriousness to this prescription . . . it would be added with the suggestion that he keep busy producing or creating something beneficial to his fellowmen.

I admit readily to the fact that this is a hell of a bitter dose . . . but it can be swallowed. And even if the patient isn't sick, provided I made a mistake in my diagnosis, the compound will most certainly do no harm to the patient.

I should think this to be a sufficiency of medical practice for one day . . . expecially since the patient didn't send for the doctor. I confess to this, in reviewing what I've said, I may well be the quack who's peddling the snake oil . . . and, admittedly, my motive is a selfish one. I want my daughter to live a life of happiness . . . and to her I'm obligated.

Too, I say again, as confessed earlier, that I'm ill, being a product of my times. I admit to myself my illness, a complicated malignancy further complicated by a feeling of guilt for what I've not done.

Selfish though it may be, but with the help of God I propose to speak up for my daughter's interest and well-being . . . that I promise to do so long as I breathe the air of this earth . . . and in the event I can get the trouble out of myself and into an empty gourd, I don't know but what I won't speak a word or two for my friend, Tee.

It's about time . . . to that I think you'll agree . . .

Perhaps at this point I would do well to ask: Is there a doctor in the house?

country. Can you guess what part of our country he came from? Let me tell you.

WHITE MEN BUILT AMERICA

White men built our country. It was hard work. It is not easy to build a new country. The white men cut away big forests. The did not have big homes like yours. The little boys and girls did not have nice schools. Wild animals lived everywhere. It was not safe outside.

Well, like I've always said, it's a hard job to get one of the black people to do a day's work. I reckon grandpa did have a hard time building this country. And as to the wild animals outside, Mama, they still are!

AMERICA WAS MADE STRONG

The red man is the Indian. You know what an Indian is. The red man fought the white man. But the white man won. He worked and worked. He wanted you to have a [illegible] country. It was not easy to build.

You know what, Mama? Stealing gets harder all the the time, too! From my erroneous learning I suspect that it was harder to steal than it was to build . . . with slave labor.

WHITES AND NEGROES LIVE APART

The black man is the Negro. You have seen Negroes all of your life. The Negro came to our country after the white man did. The white man has always been kind to the Negro. But white and black people do not live together in the South.

I am inclined to suspect of the Negro the very worst. How he managed to sneak into the place God allowed the white man to live is beyond me. But, like the Manual says, the white man has been good to the black man. Why, Mama, I've known of certain cases where the black man could borrow from the white man two bucks against next month's work. How kind can we white men expect to be? Anyway, Mama, white and black people don't live together in the South because it's God's will . . . and nobody knows the mind of God like we Southerners.

We got an inside track, and anyone who questions it is disobeying the will of God, I'd say, and since I'm a Southerner. I have the right to say.

Well, Mama, this note to you is to let you know that I recognize my "progressive education" as being a failure and to state that that I am in process of UN-learning those fallacies which were taught to me in my childhood.

I will write again and let you know of the progress I'm making and of the new light that is being shed on me, a misguided Southerner.

In the meantime, would you give my regards to Uncle Remus?

Your renegade son, now reformed,

P. D.

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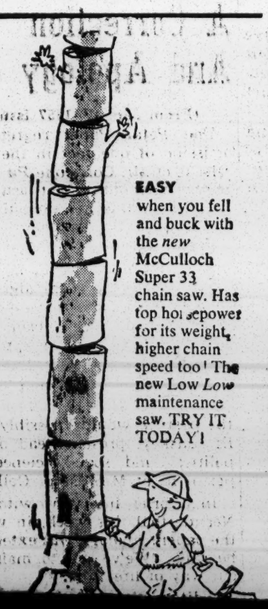

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WJTV
Channel 12 -- Jackson

FRIDAY, MARCH 15—
6:00—News - Sports
6:15—Douglas Edwards
6:30—My Friend Flica
7:00—Ozark Jubilee
7:30—Playhouse of Stars
8:00—Undercurrent
8:30—Amazing Dunninger
9:00—West Point
9:30—Zane Gray
10:00—Broken Arrow
10:30—Reddy Kilowatt
10:35—Late News

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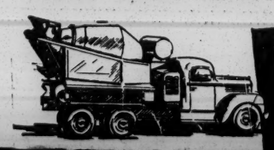

Ready-Mixed CONCRETE

10:45—Potpourri
11:00—Starlight Theater
SATURDAY, MARCH 16—
8:00—Strange World
7:00—Oh, Susanna
7:30—Hey Jennie
8:00—Crossroads
8:30—Ozzie & Harriet
9:00—Jackie Gleason
10:00—Lawrence Welk
11:00—Oral Roberts
SUNDAY, MARCH 17—
6:00—Lassie
6:30—Private Secretary
7:30—Alfred Hitchcock
8:00—$64,000 Challenge
8:30—Man Called X
9:00—Ed Sullivan Show
11:00—Jeffery Jones
MONDAY, MARCH 18—
6:00—News-Sports
6:15—Douglas Edwards
6:30—Voice of Firestone
7:00—I Love Lucy
7:30—December Bride
8:00—Count of Monte Cristo
8:30—Ole Miss Highlights
9:00—Burns and Allen
9:30—Talent Scouts
10:00—Wyatt Earp
10:30—Reddy Kilowatt
10:35—Late News
10:45—TV Wrestling
11:15—Inner Sanctum
TUESDAY, MARCH 19—
6:00—News-Sports
6:15—Douglas Edwards
6:30—The Whistler
6:45—Name That Time
7:00—Herb Shriner

The Petal Paper

Entered as second class matter April 3, 1954, at the Post Office at Petal, Mississippi, under Act of March 3, 1879. Reentered at Pascagoula, Miss.

TELEPHONE DIAL 4-6613
P. D. EAST ..... Editor

SUBSCRIPTIONS
PER YEAR $3.00

7:30—Rosemary Clooney
8:00—$64,000 Question
8:30—I Let Three Lives
9:00—Never Get Rich
9:30—Dangerous
10:00—Cavalcade Theatre
10:30—Reddy Kilowatt
10:35—Late News
10:45—Potpourri
11:00—Late Show
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20—
6:00—News-Sports
6:15—Douglas Edwards
6:30—Science—Fiction
7:00—The Millionaire
7:30—I've Got a Secret
8:00—Wednesday Nights Fights
9:00—Godfrey Show
10:00—Ford Theater
10:30—Reddy Kilowatt
10:35—Late News
10:45—Studio Wrestling
11:15—The Falcon
THURSDAY, MARCH 21—
6:00—News-Sports
6:15—Douglas Edwards
6:30—Superman
7:00—Robin Hood
7:30—Disneyland
8:30—Amos and Andy
9:00—Bob Cummings
9:30—Climax
10:30—Reddy Kilowatt
10:35—Late News
10:45—Potpourri
11:00—Late Show

WDSU - TV

FRIDAY, MARCH 15—
6:00—Esso Reporter
6:15—World of Sports
6:30—Eddie Fisher
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Blondie
7:30—Life of Riley
8:00—On Trial
8:30—The Big Story
9:00—Cavalcade of Sports
9:45—The Leon Kelner Show
10:00—Highway Patrol
10:30—Luzianne Patio Playhouse
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer For Peace
SATURDAY, MARCH 16—
6:00—Golden Playhouse
6:30—People Are Funny
7:00—Perry Como
8:00—Caesar's Hour
9:00—George Gobel
9:30—I Search For Adventure
10:00—I Led Three Lives
10:30—Western Marshall
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer For Peace
SUNDAY, MARCH 17—
6:00—Tales of the 77th Bengal Lancers
6:30—Circus Boy
7:00—Steve Allen
8:00—Television Playhouse
9:00—Loretta Young Show
9:30—O. Henry Playhouse
10:00—Ozzie & Harriet
10:30—Navy Log
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer for Peace
MONDAY, MARCH 18—
6:00—Esso Reporter
6:15—World of Sports & Weatherman
6:30—John Gary
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Producer5s Showcase
8:30—Robert Montgomery Presents
9:30—Man Called X
10:00—Science Fiction Theatre
10:30—Playhouse of Stars
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer For Peace
TUESDAY, MARCH 19—
6:00—Esso Reporter

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6:15—World of Sports & Weatherman
6:30—Jonathan Winters
6:45—NBC News
7:00—The Big Surprise
7:30—Noah's Ark
8:00—Pane Wyman Show
8:30—Circle Theatre
9:30—The Count of Monte Cristo
10:00—Celebrity Playhouse
10:30—Studio 57
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer for Peace
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20—
6:00—Esso Reporter
6:15—World of Sports & Weatherman
6:30—Eddie Fisher
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Adventure of Hiram Holliday
7:30—Father Knows Best
8:00—Kraft Theatre
9:00—This Is Your Life
9:30—San Francisco Beat
10:00—Douglas Fairbanks Presents
10:30—Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer for Peace
THURSDAY, MARCH 21—
6:00—Esso Reporter
6:15—World of Sports & Weatherman
6:30—Dinah Shore
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Groucho Marx
7:30—Dragnet
8:00—People Choices'
8:30—The Ford Show
9:00—Lux Video Theatre
10:00—Stage 7
10:30—I Spy
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer for Peace

WDAM
CHANNEL 9

FRIDAY, MARCH 15—
6:00—News and Weather
6:15—Sports Today
6:30—An American Adventure
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Dangerous Assignment
7:30—The Life of Riley
8:00—TBA
8:30—Captured
9:00—Cavalcade of Sports
9:50—Red Barber's Corner
10:00—Sou. Bell Late News
10:05—The Late Show
SATURDAY, MARCH 16—
6:30—Jimmy Swan Show
7:00—Perry Como Show
8:00—Sid Caesar's Hour
9:00—George Gobel Show
9:30—The Aemerican Legend
10:00—The Late News
10:05—The Late Show
SUNDAY, MARCH 17—
5:30—Sunday Playhouse
7:00—Steve Allen Show
8:00—Highway Patrol
8:30—Million Dollar Premiere
10:00—The Late News
MONDAY, MARCH 18—
6:00—News and Weather
6:15—Sports Today
6:30—Nat 'King' Cole Show ....
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Sir Lancelot
7:30—Stanley
8:00—Ne wOrleans Police Dept.
8:30—My Little Margie
9:00—Lawrence Welk Show
10:00—Sou. Bell Late News
10:05—The Late Show
TUESDAY, MARCH 19—
6:00—News and Weather
6:15—The Movie Museum
6:30—Just Friends
6:45—NBC News
7:00—The Big Surprise
7:30—Science Fiction Theatre
8:00—Star Performance
8:30—Man Called X
9:00—Police Call
9:30—Hold That Note
10:00—The Late News
10:05—The Late Show
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20—
6:00—News and Weather
6:15—Sports Today
6:30—Just Friends
6:45—NBC News
7:00—China Smith
7:30—Spring Fashion Show
7:45—Industry on Parade
8:00—Wrestling from Hollywood

WLBT
Channel 3 — Jackson

FRIDAY, MARCH 15—
6:00—WLBT News
6:10—WLBT Weathervane
6:15—WLBT Sports
6:25—Eyes on Mississippi
6:30—Eddie Fisher
6:45—NBC News
7:00—The Life of Riley
7:30—Walter Winchell Show
8:00—Badge 714
8:30—The Country Show
9:00—Cavalcade of Sports
9:45—Red Barber's Corner
10:00—Ted Mack Amateur Hour
11:00—WLBT News
11:10—WLBT Weathervane
11:15—Bill Pennell
11:20—Late Movie
SATURDAY, MARCH 16—
6:00—Annie Oakley
6:30—People Are Funny
7:00—Perry Como Show
8:00—Caesar's Hour
9:00—George Gobel Show
9:30—Your Hit Parade
10:00—Chevy Show
11:00—Eddie Arnold
11:30—Texas Rasslin'
SUNDAY, MARCH 17—
6:00—77th Bengal Lancers
6:30—Circus Boy
7:00—Steve Allen Show
8:00—Alcoa Hour
9:00—Loretta Young
9:30—Lawrence Welk Top Tunes and New Talent
10:30—WLBT Weathervane
10:35—WLBT News
10:45—Bill Pennell
10:50—Late Movie
MONDAY, MARCH 18—
6:00—WLBT News
6:10—WLBT Weathervane
6:15—WLBT Sports
6:25—Reporter's Notebook
6:30—TBA
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Sir Lancelot
7:30—Stanley
8:00—Can Do
8:30—Robt. Montgomery Presents
9:30—The Tracer
10:00—Break the $250,000 Bank
10:30—The Pendulum
11:00—Beauty Hints
11:15—WLBT NEWS
11:25—WLBT Weathervane
11:30—Bill Pennell
11:35—Late Movie
TUESDAY, MARCH 19—
6:00—WLBT News
6:10—WLBT Weathervane
6:15—WLBT Sports
6:25—Do You Know Why
6:30—Jonathan Winters
6:45—NBC News
7:00—$100,000 Big Surprise
7:30—Noah's Ark
8:00Jane Wyman Show
8:30—Kaiser Aluminum Hour

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. . . TO THE MAN WITH A CASH RESERVE

A cash reserve is not hard to build with a regular savings plan. We will help you

9:30—Stage 7
10:00—Touchdown
10:30—Overseas Adventure
11:00—WLBT News
11:10—WLBT Weather
11:15—Bill Pennell
11:20—Late Movie
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20—
6:00—WLBT News
6:10—WLBT Weathervane
6:15—WLBT Sports
6:25—Do You Know Why
6:30—Eddie Fisher
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal
7:30—Father Knows Best
8:00—Kraft Television Theatre
9:00—This Is Your Life
9:30—My Little Margie
10:00—Twenty-One
10:30—Hiram Holliday
11:00—WLBT News
11:10—WLBT Weathervane
11:15—Bill Pennell
11:20—Late Movie
THURSDAY, MARCH 21—
6:00—WLBT News
6:10—WLBT Weathervane
6:15—WLBT Sports
6:25—Do You Know Why
6:30—Report To The People
9:00—Project 20— "The Jazz Age"
10:00—Studio 57
10:30—Golden Theatre
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Groucho Marx
7:30—Dragnet
11:00—WLBT News
8:00—Jeoples' Croice
8:30—Ernie Ford Show

February's Temperature

Cool, damp weather marked the opening days of March, although February was one of the mildest on record. Redbuds and peach trees are in bloom, and the early plums and pears have already finished blooming. Lawns and pastures are green, and the lawn mowing season has begun.

February's rainfall totaled 4.32 inches, over half an inch below the 68-year average. However, for January and February together, rainfall totaled 12.32 inches, which is 2.24 inches above normal.

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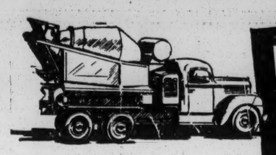

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10:00—Ozzie & Harriet
10:30—Navy Log
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer for Peace
MONDAY, MARCH 18—
6:00—Esso Reporter
6:15—World of Sports & Weatherman
6:30—John Gary
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Producer5s Showcase
8:30—Robert Montgomery Presents
9:30—Man Called X
10:00—Science Fiction Theatre
10:30—Playhouse of Stars
11:00—The World Tonight
11:20—The Late Show
12:45—Nitecap News & Sports Results
12:50—Prayer For Peace
TUESDAY, MARCH 19—
6:00—Esso Reporter

MONDAY, MARCH 18—
6:00—News and Weather
6:15—Sports Today
6:30—Nat 'King' Cole Show ....
6:45—NBC News
7:00—Sir Lancelot
7:30—Stanley
8:00—Ne wOrleans Police Dept.
8:30—My Little Margie
9:00—Lawrence Welk Show
10:00—Sou. Bell Late News
10:05—The Late Show
TUESDAY, MARCH 19—
6:00—News and Weather
6:15—The Movie Museum
6:30—Just Friends
6:45—NBC News
7:00—The Big Surprise
7:30—Science Fiction Theatre
8:00—Star Performance
8:30—Man Called X
9:00—Police Call
9:30—Hold That Note
10:00—The Late News
10:05—The Late Show
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20—
6:00—News and Weather
6:15—Sports Today
6:30—Just Friends
6:45—NBC News
7:00—China Smith
7:30—Spring Fashion Show
7:45—Industry on Parade
8:00—Wrestling from Hollywood
9:00—Western Mrshal
9:30—Sherlock Holmes
10:00—Sou. Bell Late News
10:05—The Late Show
THURSDAY, MARCH 21—
6:00—News and Weather
6:15—The Movie Museum
6:30—Dinah Shore Show
6:45—NBC News
7:00—The Star and the Story
7:30—Dragnet
8:00—The Great Gildersleeve
8:30—TBA
9:00—Eddy Arnold Time
9:30—Mystery Theatre
10:00—The Late News
10:05—Lawrence Welk's Top tunes and New Talent

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Attractive home with 3 bedrooms, living room, dinette, kitchen, bath and carport. Qualified Veteran can purchase this desirable home for only $500.00 down which included closing cost

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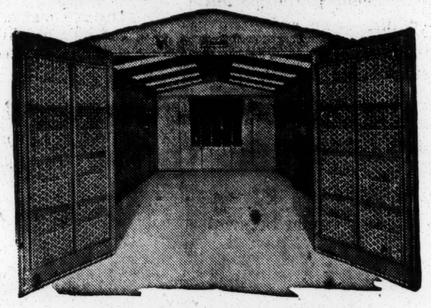

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DRIVE IN TODAY FOR A FREE ESTIMATE — No Obligation!

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Teaching a youngster to save builds self-reliance and dependability and by opening his account here with us where savings pay a more liberal return, you will show him not only the virtue of thrift but its value!

WHERE SHOULD I SAVE? Here's the answer—

Current Dividend 3½%

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Time Is NOW To Start An Insured Savings Account

LOCAL CHURCH SERVICES

TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH, JACKSON STREET, PETAL

Services begin with Sunday School at 9:45 a.m., Bill Barlow, Supt. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:15 p.m. by Rev. Justin Garrett, pastor. Baptist Training Union meets at 6:15 p.m. Mid-week Prayer meeting is held at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday. GA's meet after school on Mondays, and RA's meet before prayer meeting on Wednesdays. Song services are under the direction of O. U. Barlow, Mrs. Jack Fikes, pianist.

Church nursery open at all services.

PETAL METHODIST CHURCH, MAIN STREET, PETAL

Services begin with Sunday School at 9:45 a.m., W. C. Mathis, Superintendent.

Rev. J. P. Payne, Pastor, preaches at 11:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.

WSCS meets at 2:00 p.m. on Mondays.

Mid-Week Prayer Meeting is held at 7:00 p.m. on Wednesdays. Choir practice follows prayer meeting.

Song services are under the direction of Mrs. B. L. Coulter; Mrs. D. H. Halliwell, Sr., Organist.

The public is cordially invited to attend. The nursery is open at all services.

GREEN'S CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH. OLD RICHTON ROAD, PETAL

Services begin at 9:45 a.m. with Sunday School, Robert Powell, Supt.

Q. C. Harrett, Pastor, preaches at 11:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.

Prayer Meeting is 7:00 p.m. on Wednesdays . . . following prayer meeting all organizations meet . . . YWA's, GA's, RA's, WMU, Brotherhood, and Sunbeams.

Song services are under the direction of W. C. Rainey, Jr.; pianist is Miss Polly Morgan.

The public is extended a cordial invitation to attend services. Nursery is open at all services.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CENTRAL AVENUE, PETAL

Services begin with Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. Henry Hardy, Supt.

Rev. W. A. Richardson, Pastor, preaches at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Baptist Training Union meets at 6:30 p.m. Sundays.

Mid-Week Prayer meeting is held at 7:00 p.m. Wednesdays.

Song services are under the direction of Mr. Ford Parker; Mrs. J. M. Van Devender, pianist.

The public is cordially invited to attend.

Nursery is open at all services.

PETAL-HARVEY BAPTIST CHURCH,

Services will begin with Sunday School at 9:45 a.m., Pat Rogers, Supt.

Rev. Sam W. Waggener, Pastor, preaches at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Training Union meets at 6:45 p.m., C. E. Richardson, Director.

Mid-Week Prayer meeting is held at 7:30 pm. Wednesdays at Richton Road and Harvey Mission prayer meeting is held 7:30 p.m. Thursdays.

Song services are under the direction of Mr. Charles Caulkin; Mrs. W. H. Clearman, Organist, and Mrs. Mazie Nell Smith, pianist.

The public is cordially invited to attend; the nursery is open at all services.

PETAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH MAIN STREET, PETAL

Services begin at 10:00 a.m. with Sunday School, H. L. Norsworthy, Supt.

Evangelist Howard S. Williams preaches at 11.00 a.m.

Bible Class meets Sunday from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. Choir practice is held Wednesday nights at 7:30.

Song services are under the direction of Mrs D. L. Priest; pianist is Miss Bernice Norsworthy.

A cordial invitation is extended the public to attend services each Sunday.

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Hemo The Magnificent On Television; Presents Unusual Pictures Of Blood

Some of the most unusal scenes ever shown on Television will be pictured in "Hemo the Magnificent," the Bell Science Series program will be telecast over CBS-TV network on Wednesday March 20, at 8:00 p.m. CST. The hour-long program will tell the story of blood and its circulation said Mr. P. H. Presley Southern Bell's local manager.

One section of the film shows actual flow of blood through the arteries, capillaries, and veins in motion pictures taken through a powerful micorscope.

Another sequence, in slow motion, shows the beating of human heart, Mr. Presley said.

The complicated circulatory sysem, that takes the blood to all parts of the human body, is explained in a simple way by animation sequences that show the circulatory system as something like a public utility.

The heart is the "power house" which constantly pumps a supply of blood to all parts of the body. The arteries, capillaries, and veins are the channels through which the blood flows to the body cells and back to the heart. The brain is the dispatching center. It governs both the rate of the heart in pumping the blood and the distribution of the blood to cells in the brain, muscles, and digestive system.

As the second TV program in the Science Series, "Hemo the Magnificent" has Dr. Frank Baxter again playing his role as Dr. Research, and it features Richard Carlson as the Fiction Writer. Academy Award winner Frank Capra produced and directed the program, using animation, documentary film, and medical film to present the essential scientific data about the blood and its circulation through the body.

All doctors, technicians, nurses and members of the medical profession are alerted to watch this program, but it is told in such an interesting way that it will have appeal to everyone, Mr. Presley said.

Scouts Meet At Camp Tiak On March 29-30

Both basic and advanced training for Cub Scout, Boy Scout and Explorer Leaders will be held at Camp Tiak, Fruitland Park, Miss., on March 29-30.

The advanced courses for Boy Scout and Explorer leaders, which require an overnight camping experience, will begin Friday evening, March 29, and continue until 1:30 Saturday.

The basic courses in Cub Scouting, Boy Scouting and Exploring will begin at 1:30 p.m. March 30, and continue through 8:30 p.m. The advaanced Cub Scout leaders course will be held at the same time, for leaders who have completed basic.

The "Training Jamboree" will be a "Training of Trainers", as the six different courses for which certificates will be granted will be put on by District Leadership Training Committees as follows:

Cub Scout basic, Choctaw District; Cub Scout Advenced, East Jackson District.

Scout Leaders basic, Bilayakni District; Scout leaders advanced, Gulfport and Biloxi Districts.

Explorer leaders basic, Tung Belt District; Explorer leaders advanced, Hub District.

In addition to members of leadership training committees, and unit leaders, Organization and Extension committeemen will be urged t oattend. Registration should be sent to Scout headquarters by March 23. Den Mothers are urged o attend the Cub Scout training course, as facilities are available for baby sitting if necessary.

Cost of the courses will be $1.00 for the basic courses, with a supper to be served in the Central Lodge at Camp Tiak and literature for the course included. The Boy Scout and Explorer advanced courses March 29-30 require a $2.00 fee to cover three meals.

Legion TV Show Set Tonight

Threee Past National Vice-Commanders of the American Legion will be featured on the TV show, "The American Legion Speaks", over WLBT Channel 3 out of Jackson, Marcch 14th.

Forrest C. Cooper of Indianola was National Vice-Commander in 1932; James T. Crawley of Kosciusko was National Vice-Commander in 1939; and Lyon W. Brandon of Como was National Vice-Commander in 1954.

These three Legionaires will join Department Commander Jack Pace, Thomas C. Bilello of Greenwood, Commander of District 3; Gary Moore of Winona

Concert Set For March 28 At Miss. Sou.

The Augustana Choir of Rock Island, Ill., will present a concert Mar. 28 at 8 p.m. in the Mississippi Southern College Auditorium. The concert is being sponsored by the Vesper Choir of Mississippi Southern.

Composed of seventy mixed oices, he Augustant Choir was trganized in 1931 and has been making annual taurs since its inception. It has been hailed as one of America's leading choirs in concert Thalls in Chicago, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Pasadena. The choir is directed by Henry Veld, who became affiliated with Augustana College in 1929.

In addition to its annual tours, the Augustana Choir has given more than ninety radio network broadcasts in the United States and Canada, has made television appearences, and several recordings, including RCA Victor, Red Seal and Bluebird recordings.

One prominent critic has described the Augustana Choir as the "Choir which has everything", and another has said, "the emotional impact of (its) singing is terrific . . . it makes most other music see mtrivial."

Tickets at $1 each for the forthcoming performance at Mississippi Southern College are now available at the local music stores or may be obtained from student an dfaculty members of the Mississippi Southern Music Department. Out of town persons desiring tickets may order them from Mr. Frank E. Marsh, Division of Fine Arts Chairman, Station A, Hattiesburg, Miss.

Science Fair And Career Day Set At Southern March 21-22

How and why—two simple yet forceful questions—will be uppermost in the minds of many South Mississippi youngsters these next few days.

Preparing for the third Southeast District Science Fair at Mississippi Southern Colleege Mar. 21, youths from 13 Mississippi counties will participate.

Subjects as varied as chick embryos, the destruction of a volcano, model rockets, radiactivity and the circulatory system of man will claim their share of attention. During the course of exhibit preparation students will recognize and solve many problems, and in the long run, will be better equipped to live in a modern world of science.

The youthful excursion into science will be held in conjunction with Mississippi Southern's annual High School Career Day, Mar. 22. An estimated 2,000 seniors will flood the campus as they investigate career opportunities offered by Southern in hundreds of fields.

Science Fair Chairman Fred Walker has announced that applications for entries in the fair should be received by his office at Mississippi Southern by Mar. 18.

Emphasizing the fact that the Science Fair is not just a "gadget type thing," Dr. Walker calls attention to the "increasing and urgent need for more people in American science." Such eventh

Timber Is Subject Of Ecology Class Discussion At MSC

Although the timber industry in Mississippi is second only to that of agriculture,, it is still far behind potential production.

This was the statement, in essence, made by Joe Zary, woodlot conservationist with the Soil Conservation Commission as he addressed a recent meeting of the Mississippi Southern College ecology class.

Zary pointed out that despite the fact Mississippi stands high in various phases of the timber industry, it is still capable of a substantially greater production.

In support of his stand, the conservationist noted that an average of 110 board feet per acre could be boosted to three or four hundred feet per acre.

The speaker blamed former wasteful, clear-cutting practices; lack of replanting and principally fire and indifference as the main obstacles to a "more healthy" timber industry.

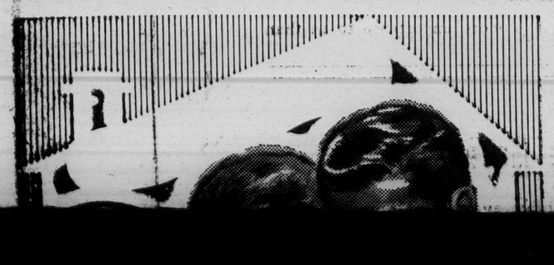
Pay, Then Run

Kaw City, Okla. —A sign in Wright's Cafe reads:

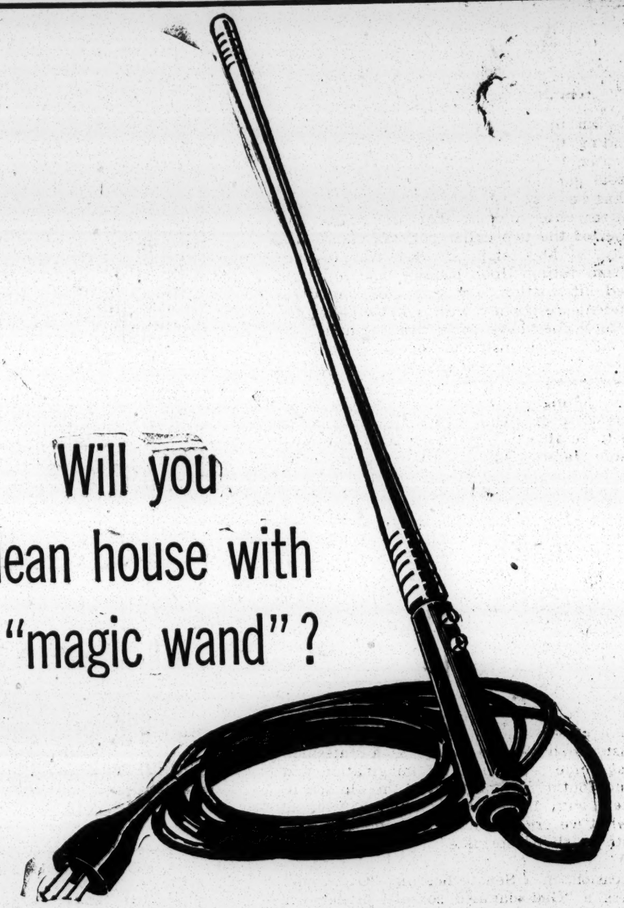
FROM PILLAR TO POST

We cannot do much about the pillar but possibly we can soften your impact against the post. If your scattered bills are crowding you too much group them in one place and make one convenient payment a month.

WHITE SYSTEM
OF HATTIESBURG, INC.
PERSONAL LOANS MONTHLY REPAYMENT



Will you clean house with a "magic wand"?



Scientists say that some day you will. Electricity will attract dust and dirt to the wand as you wave it over the area to be cleaned.

You'll be living better electrically in countless *other* ways in the years ahead. Low-price electricity will open and close windows automatically, make beds, keep your home free of germs, clean clothing without water.

This new electric age will call for lots more power. And this company, along with America's other independent electric companies, is building more power facilities right now.

You can count on plenty of electricity—*always*.

REDDY HELPS YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

MISSISSIPPI POWER COMPANY

soften your impact against the post. If your scattered bills are crowding you too much group them in one place and make one convenient payment a month.

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PERSONAL LOANS MONTHLY REPAYMENT

Tommy will be happy...
...to help you plan!

Planning to build a new home, remodel an old one or move into a recently acquired one? ... Why not call your telephone business office. We'll be glad to suggest wiring arrangements and handy step-saving locations for telephones.

Many alert builders throughout Mississippi are thoughtfully providing "pre-wiring" service in homes they build ... Telephone engineers lay out and install the wiring *before* finished walls and woodwork are in. Wiring is concealed and possible scars in woodwork avoided.

In addition, you can have telephones where they are needed most — in *living*, *working* and *sleeping* areas. Be sure this isn't overlooked in your new home. At the same time, inquire about modern telephone conveniences: spring cords that never get twisted or knotted; speakerphones that let you talk with hands free; color phones to match color schemes, or dial-lighted phones that are handy for night calls.

Call your telephone business office for details and advice.

Southern Bell
Telephone and
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Legion TV Show Set Tonight

Threee Past National Vice-Commanders of the American Legion will be featured on the TV show, "The American Legion Speaks", over WLBT Channel 3 out of Jackson, Marcch 14th.

Forrest C. Cooper of Indianola was National Vice-Commander in 1932; James T. Crawley of Klosciusko was National Vice-Commander in 1939; and Lyon W. Brandon of Como was National Vice-Commander in 1954.

These three Legionaires will join Department Commander Jack Pace, Thomas C. Bilello of Greenwood, Commander of District 3; Gary Moore of Winona, Commander of District4; and Max Voss of Natchez, Commander of District 7, in celebrating the 38th anniversary of the birth of the American Legion.

This live telecast will be the fifth in a series of Legion sponsored programs designed to present the programs and activities of the American Legion to the people of Mississippi. This program appears on alternate Thursdays over WLBT at 6:30 p.m.

PTA Programs Set For TV, Radio

Radio Station W.F.O.R and Television Station WDAM has consented to cooperate with the Forrest County PTA Council by allowing a definite time each month for presenting Parent Education programs.

The radio programs will be heard on the third Tuesday each month. The next program will be Tuesday, March 19, at 8:45 a.m. entitled "Car Trouble", discussing problems confronting teen agers and parents with the family automobile. The cast for this program will be Mr. Milton Evans, Principal of Rawls Springs School, and Jack Goff and Robert Pierce of East Forrest School.

The television program will be presented Sunday, March 17 at 3:00 p.m.

The Council desires to give everyone an opportunity to see and hear these educational and entertaining programs, and will appreciate each and every one showing a favorable response by addressing a letter or card to PTA, Box 961, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, letting them know how these programs are being received in your neighborhood.

$400 MONTHLY SPARE TIME

Refilling and collecting money from our five cent High Grade Nut machines in this area. No Selling! To qualify for work you must have car, references, $640 cash, secured by inventory. Devoting 6 hours a week to business, your end on percentage collections will net up to $400 monthly with very good possibilities of taking over full time. Income increasing accordingly. For interview, include phone in application. Write All State Distributing Co., 505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

peo to live in a modern world of science.

The youthful excursion into science will be held in conjunction with Mississippi Southern's annual High School Career Day, Mar. 22. An estimated 2,000 seniors will flood the campus as they investigate career opportunities offered by Southern in hundreds of fields.

Science Fair Chairman Fred Walker has announced that applications for entries in the fair should be received by his office at Mississippi Southern by Mar. 18.

Emphasizing the fact that the Science Fair is not just a "gadget type thing," Dr. Walker calls attention to the "increasing and urgent need for more people in American science." Such events as the fair help to fill this need, Dr. Walker notes.

Winners for various categories will be selected, with the first place winner in each to compete in the State Science Fair at Columbus, April 26. State winners will go on to national competition.

Southern Bell Telephone Company this year is co-sponsoring the fair with Mississippi Southern and will furnishe all awards and prizes.

Health Notes—

Polio Shots Urged By State Health Department

Time is running out for those who have not been protected against polio. For as sure as summer comes, so will the danger of polio infection. By further delay in getting the Salk vaccine, children and young adults are laying themselves wide open to the ravages of crippling polio when this hot weather disease begins its season upsurge.

Before it is too late, I urge every parent to consider this question: When summer comes and brings another polio season, will my family be protected?

The only insurance against paralytic polio is a series of three shots of vaccine given at stated intervals over a period of approximately eight months. The first two shots should be given about a month apart and the third about seven months later.

It is already too late for those who have not yet started the vaccine series to complete the recommended three injections before summer's increase in polio.

But happily for the large number of unvaccinated in our state, it is not too late to get a measure of protection. We have conclusive scientific evidence that even one injection of vaccine gives considerable polio protection and that two shots further increase the chances of warding off this crippling disease. For those who act soon, there is still time for two shots before the polio season.

The primary interest of the State Board of Health and our county health departments in polio today is to wipe it out at the earliest possible time. And this we have sought to do in cooperation with the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and private physicians. How soon this goal shall be accomplished depends upon the action of mothers and fathers, teenagers and young adults. The intelligent use now of the vaccine would mean that cases of paralytic polio in Mississippi in 1957 should be very few. Let's wake up and act now.

Zary pointed out that despite the fact Mississippi stands high in various phases of the timber industry, it is still capable of a substantially greater production.

In support of his stand, the conservationist noted that an average of 110 board feet per acre could be boosted to three or four hundred feet per acre.

The speaker blamed former wasteful clear-cutting practices; lack of replanting and principally fire and indifference as the main obstacles to a "more healthy" timber industry.

Pay, Then Run

Kaw City, Okla. —A sign in Wright's Cafe reads:

"In case of atomic bomb attack, keep calm, pay check, then run like mad."

dirt to the wand as you wave it over the area to be cleaned.

You'll be living better electrically in countless *other* ways in the years ahead. Low-price electricity will open and close windows automatically, make beds, keep your home free of germs, clean clothing without water.

This new electric age will call for lots more power. And this company, along with America's other independent electric companies, is building more power facilities right now.

You can count on plenty of electricity—*always*.

MISSISSIPPI POWER COMPANY

who wouldn't prefer a GAS clothes dryer?

GAS clothes dryers are the choice of smart homemakers. GAS is so much faster the dryer stays ahead of the average automatic washer, saves you many washday hours. GAS dryers cost little to install, operate for less than a penny a load. You can end the drudgery of hanging wet clothes on a line ... save ironing time ... wash in all kinds of weather. Who wouldn't prefer a GAS clothes dryer? Dependable, economical NATURAL GAS makes the difference.

UNITED GAS SERVING THE *Gulf South*

UNITED GAS CORPORATION • UNITED GAS PIPE LINE COMPANY • UNION PRODUCING COMPANY

"Our Gem", He's Real Gone, Man, Real Gone —

Now, Ain't He A Real Cool Cat, Man!

((From May 31, 1956 Issue)

Having grown up in Mississippi (born and ruined), and attending the public schools of the state, we recall having been taught two things which, with the help of the real gone Magnolia, we shall not forget. First, which has no bearing here, was the fact that a history instructor once told us that the reason our forefathers injected the two dollar poll tax clause into the Constitution of Mississippi in 1890 was to keep the Negroes from voting. Upon passing that delightful bit of unbiased information, our instructor smiled serenely. We students responded with a knowing giggle.

Second, which does have some bearing here, was the fact that an English instructor once told us that even in poor writing a statement should be made rarely, if ever. Preference, he said, should be given to "showing", not "telling."

Since this is more of a character study than a sermon, we hope to be able to "show" you that The Most Right Honorable James Oliver Eastland, our senior United States Senator, is one more Alligator, man! Of course, all the cool cats hereabouts know he is just that, but what do they know of all his other sterling qualities?

(Incidentally, The Most Right Honorable James Oliver Eastland shall be referred to hereinafter as "Our Gem", the reference being made for the simple reason that we have such regard, admiration and respect for him.)

As we all know very well, our cool Magnolia State has numerous enemies outside its boundaries, especially north of the Mason and Dixon line, all being Yankee squares, of course. "Our Gem" has fought these radicals, these liberals, these carpetbaggers with the vigor and daring of a real cool lion, man. He has, on numerous occasions, shown his ability as a statesman of the first magnitude, a diplomat of imagination and character, a true Southern Gentleman of the old school in his encounters with those who would dare call us anything but what we are . . . 100% Red Blooded Mississippians, with a slight sprinkle of real cool blue, that is.

On one occasion, in a Senate hearing, "Our Gem" called a witness a "God damned son-of-a-bitch." On a number of occasions he has called a nigger just what he is, a "Nigger." On the floor of the United States Senate one day, in his eternal fight for our real gone Magnolia rights, "Our Gem" called an elderly colleague, "liar." Man, ain't he real gone!

At any rate we feel you will agree with us that "Our Gem" is a polished gentleman of unquestionable, indeed, unbelievable intelligence.

Well, it just proves that "Our Gem" fights square enemies on their own ground . . . and wins hands down for the solid Magnolia.

Seriously, Jackson, ain't he a real cool cat!

What is considered by a large group of squares to be a great newspaper in a border state (And right here and now let us set you straight on that matter. There is no such thing as a "Border State." Either they're fer us or agin us.) had this to say about "Our Gem" Senator Eastland's contributions to our war-time harmony were to proclaim that Negro troops 'would neither work nor fight' and to disclose a 'mass rape' of German women in a Stuttgart subway by Senegalese soldiers with French occupation forces. Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson refuted the first charge; General Devers denied the second after correspondents pointed out: (a) that Stuttgart has no subway and (b) that there were no Senegalese with the French occupation forces."

Photo courtesy of TIME Magazine.
(A real gone Yankee outfit.)

THIS MAN, JACKSON, IS "OUR GEM", A GONE CAT IN THE SOLID SOUTH

That Yankee female, Betsy Ross, has never laid hands on this flag, Man!

Southerners must keep in mind at all times that our rights differ from those of other people. We must be alert to anyone who seems to even want to change just one single hair on our Southern heads). At any rate, "Our Gem" has not given a single inch in his stand to protect us from those outsiders.

Now, ain't he a real cool cat!

In addition to his character, his integrity, his principles, "Our Gem" is not only intelligent in the usual manner, but he's sharp as a tack in other ways, Jackson. Example: At Doddsville, Mississippi, "Our Gem" has a small cotton patch, composed of something like 5,020 acres. And in the United States Senate, who has been the strongest figher for the cotton farmer? Of course, our very own cool cat . . . And down on the Gulf Coast a few years ago there came up the question of expanding industry in Mississippi, and "Our Gem" told an acquaintance of ours that Mississippi needed industry like a man needed a hole in his head. (And get the coolness of what follows.) How, he asked, can you keep labor on the farm at a dollar a day with industry moving in and offering them a dollar an hour?

Do you see what we mean? Ain't he a real cool cat, Jackson?

There are some stupid squares, all out of state, of

and her twenty year old daughter were walking home from a motion picture theatre. There was no one on the streets, except a few cars passing. One car passed and the elder Negro felt a sharp blow on her right leg, near the ankle. She was startled for a few minutes, but realized she had been hit by an egg from a passing car. Looking up the street she saw the car. She stated that as best she could judge there were four or five white boys in the car, one with his head stuck out the window yelling something to the Negro women. The car had gone too far for her to read the tag number, or to determine what make of car it was." Uufortunately, there are too many autos the same color for that information to be of any help.

Item three, a minor incident admittedly, happened the following afternoon on South Main Street. A Negro man stopped his car to wait for a parked car to pull out into the line of traffic. Naturally, cars behind him had to stop, too. But one potential member of the Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau, driving an old model Hudson, pulled along side the Negro man and yelled to him: "Get that G...D... thing out of the way you black s.o.b."

On Sunday evening, May 27th, at 7:30, a Negro boy, age 17, was walking home to get dressed for church. He was about a half block off Walnut Street, going toward Manning Avenue. The street was dark without adequate lighting. He noticed a car drive by two or three times, but paid no attention to it. Without warning, the car stopped, and as best he could remember, four, possibly five, white boys jumped out and beat him into a state of unconsciousness before he realized what had happened. They were gone when he regained consciousness. He managed to get home, blood dripping from him, his clothes soaked. He guessed the ages of the white boys to be 18 to 21, but couldn't be sure, because of the split second in which he had seen them. We saw the Negro boy four days after the beating, and saw with our own eyes the effect of the beating he took. His lip was cut through, swollen unbelieveably. His face was swollen completely out of proportion to its normal shape. There were bandages covering his right cheek; the skin had been burst from the blows he received. He was having some difficulty in moving around due to the fact that his body was badly bruised.

Frankly, we admit that these four incidents are indicative of something which we have not yet been able to define . . . but, nonetheless, they are exceptionally significant. This is not an accusation, for we have no proof, and do not make charges without evidence ,but it is interesting to note that prior to the organization of the Citizens Council here there were no such incidents reported. Each of the four incidents has happened since the organization of the Council. We do not believe that Council members were in any way involved, but we believe that with the organization of such an outfit, certain unintelligent, bigoted, inferior whites feel something resembling guardian angel protection in their existance. Thus, they take out their inferior feeling (Which, indeed, they are . . . they don't just feel inferior) on Negroes, who, by all standards and concept are creatures of a lower order.

A number of possibilities occur to us as a possible result of this kind of action on the part of whites. First, aside from the humiliation suffered by Negroes in the incidents mentioned, (which they must view with fear) is the fact that one of these nights some member of the Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau is going to run into a Negro who isn't a woman or child, and when they do they are likely to get carved up like a turkey at Thanksgiving. Any Negro attacked would most certainly be in his rights to fight back, but . . . well, just recall our record in the state for justice to a Negro.

Another possibility is that, in view of these whites operating on the assumption that they are superior by virtue of their being white, protestant, and native born, they will not limit their brutal and humiliating attacks to Negroes. Of course a Catholic, a Jew and the miscellaneous are harder to identify than the Negro, but those thoroughly bent on being superior would determine a person's race or religion, and act according to their limited intelligence.

Of course, if the Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau does decide to organize, get a state charter, collect dues, they could promote an advertising campaign directing all who are not white, protestant, and native born to wear a sign around their neck reading: I AM A CATHOLIC . . . or . . . I AM A JEW . . . or . . . I WAS BORN IN EUROPE . . . or whatever distinction is theirs.

Oh, yes, if they do decide to organize, we'd be glad to suggest an attorney to draw up their papers for them. There seem to be two or three around these parts who would probably do the work free seizing it as an opportunity to strike a blow for the sweet magnolia.

Said A Wise Man —

"We Are Not Our Brother's Keeper"

(From January 19, 1956 issue)

Many times we have been asked why our editorial policy was what it is. Few persons seem to understand why we have concerned ourselves with problems of a social or racial nature, in view of the fact that a newspaper is in business to make money. And it goes without saying that money is made by having friends, generally speaking, that is.

Let us say to you what a wise man once said to us.

"Once upon a time, over four thousand years before the birth of Christ, a Mr. Cain became angry with a Mr. Abel. In his anger, Mr. Cain killed Mr. Abel. Upon being questioned by God as to the whereabouts of Mr. Abel, Mr. Cain became defiant, something of a smartaleck, and asked a question that has been asked for nearly six thousand years. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' he asked. I have found no justification in the scriptures to lead me to believe that I am my brother's keeper. Of course, I know that is not the accepted view on the subject. But this I would like to add: I have found every justification for believing that I am my brother's brother."

Thus spoke a wise man to us. As it happens, we agree with him fully.

And our brother is of more importance to us than a dollar bill.

Questions About Heaven —

At The Gate, One Keeper... Two Gates?

(I have received some nasty letters in my young life, but none have ever been more bit-

derly colleague, "liar." Man, ain't he real gone!

At any rate we feel you will agree with us that "Our Gem" is a polished gentleman of unquestionable, indeed, unbelievable intelligence.

Well, it just proves that "Our Gem" fights square enemies on their own ground . . . and wins hands down for the solid Magnolia.

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What is considered by a large group of squares to be a great newspaper in a border state (And right here and now let us set you straight on that matter. There is no such thing as a "Border State." Either they're fer us or agin us.) had this to say about "Our Gem" Senator Eastland's contributions to our war-time harmony were to proclaim that Negro troops 'would neither work nor fight' and to disclose a 'mass rape' of German women in a Stuttgart subway by Senegalese soldiers with French occupation forces. Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson refuted the first charge; General Devers denied the second after correspondents pointed out: (a) that Stuttgart has no subway and (b) that there were no Senegalese with the French occupation forces."

Well! Did you ever! You understand, of course, that Patterson and Devers are Yankee squares and are not to be trusted out of sight. That's real plain to see.

Now, what about the editor of the sheet that deals in such "yellow journalism"? Well, Jackson, we took it on ourselves to call up that editor on the telephone and remind him that "Our Gem" just might decide to get some skin, Mississippi style, so there! You know what he said? Get this; "Well, good!" Naturally, we hung up the telephone. Well, wouldn't you have done the same thing? He was disrespectful, subversive, too.

We don't know how it got that way, but the fact is this nation is just full of squares, folks who have gone off their trolley, that is. Example: The Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York (A Yankee state, square, you must remember.) has accused "Our Gem" of subversion just as real and, because it comes from a U. S. Senator, far more dangerous than any perpetrated by the Communist Party." ("Our Gem" just may get a gunny sack full of skin, limb from limb, man, there.) Seriously, Jackson, wouldn't that just make John Calhoun and Jeff Davis turn somersaults in their tombs . . . yes, and "The Man" Bilbo, too. Subversive? Maybe that bunch had better look up the word . . . we Mississippians know who the subversives are . . . well, anyway, Jackson, "Our Gem" took it in his stride and investigated the New York Times from top to bottom. And that, we figure, ought to show 'em a thing or two.

Now don't you agree that "Our Gem" is a real cool cat?

Anyway, as a 100% red blooded, tolerant Southerner we must overlook those square Yankee Christians. Naturally, everyone knows that Christianity varies from place to place, and the thing that caused this bigoted outburst by the Episcopal Diocese was the fact that "Our Gem" has fought those nine old squares in Washington who would destroy our way of life. They just simply cannot stand a good, clean, intelligent, high class fighter like "Our Gem."

And with reference to fighting for our way of life, "Our Gem" has stood up, a lion among rats, a real cool cat among squares, mind you, in his fight for all of us who are endowed with God-given Southern Rights. (We alert to anyone who seems to even want to change just one single hair on our Southern heads). At any rate, "Our Gem" has not given a single inch in his stand to protect us from those outsiders.

Now, ain't he a real cool cat!

In addition to his character, his integrity, his principles, "Our Gem" is not only intelligent in the usual manner, but he's sharp as a tack in other ways, Jackson. Example: At Doddsville, Mississippi, "Our Gem" has a small cotton patch, composed of something like 5,020 acres. And in the United States Senate, who has been the strongest figher for the cotton farmer? Of course, our very own cool cat . . . And down on the Gulf Coast a few years ago there came up the question of expanding industry in Mississippi, and "Our Gem" told an acquaintance of ours that Mississippi needed industry like a man needed a hole in his head. (And get the coolness of what follows.) How, he asked, can you keep labor on the farm at a dollar a day with industry moving in and offering them a dollar an hour?

Do you see what we mean? Ain't he a real cool cat, Jackson?

There are some stupid squares, all out of state, of course, who have asked the question of how could "Our Gem" take the oath of office as a United States Senator, which reads: "I, James Oliver Eastland, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God." and after having taken the oath make statements like:

"On May 17, the Constitution of the United States was destroyed because the Supreme Court disregarded the law and decided integration was right . . . you are not required to obey any court which passes out such a ruling. In fact, you are obligated to defy it." This was spoken by "Our Gem" at Senatobia, Miss., on August 2, 1955. And he has also said: "The country has entered an era of judicial tyranny . . . The Court has responded to a racial, pro-Communist political movement . . . Public opinion is the law, for no law is of any force which does not have the force of public opinion behind it." Thus spoke "Our Gem" on January 26, 1956, at Columbia, S. C.

Well, if you hear any of that leftwing, radical, liberal talk about the majority ruling in this country, and that the majority opinion is opposed to "Our Gem" you can mark them down for super squares. We would even suggest that you call it to the attention of our cool cat; he just might want to get some skin.

Anyone thinking that because a man of sterling character, golden principles, honor, intelligence, and integrity such as possessed by "Our Gem" would let a thing like an oath stop him from protecting our way of life is not just a square, but he's downright stupid.

Some things are more important than an oath, with a "So help me God" attachment. And another thing, unlike most of his colleagues, "Our Gem" seems to have read "Alice In Wonderland." He knows the words of the Mad Hatter, as spoken to Alice. His words, he said, meant just exactly what he wanted them to mean . . . get the point, Jackson?

Really, now, folks, don't you agree?

Ain't "Our Gem" a real gone, a real cool cat!

A New Organization In Business? —

The Bigger And Better Bigots Bureau

(From June 7, 1956 Issue)

Whether or not they have actually organized as a chartered group, as their guardian angels have, the Klan and Council, we don't know, but this we do know: There are a few young men in Hattiesburg who could easily qualify for the Board of Directors of such an organization as The Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau.

We have been informed, of course, of the riot on a New York ferry boat last week. We know of the riots in Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis. And in the interest of passing along information, we would like to call the following to your attention. Threse occurrences were not in New York, Illinois, Michigan, or Missouri . . . they happened in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and we assure you these incidents have been confirmed. For reasons which are obvious we are not using names of the persons involved.

The latter part of April, directly in front of the Owl Drug Store, located on the corner of Main and Front Streets, three Negro boys were standing talking to a fourth Negro boy who worked for the store. The three boys were on their way to a show. The time was about 7:30 P.M. One of the boys, age 16, felt a lick against the side of his head; turning around he saw three white boys, whose age he guessed to be 19, 20, or 21. The Negro boys were stunned, for they had not spoken one single word to any white person whatsoever, and they hesitated for a few seconds before doing anything. While standing there, trying to decide what to do, the white boys pulled out swish blade knives. The Negro boys started to run down Main Street, but they saw two other white boys standing along side the drug store, and not knowing if they were a part of the group who had attacked them, they decided to run down Front Street, toward the police station. They did, in fact, go directly to the police station, and the boy who had been struck stammered out his story. He was told by the officer on duty that the incident would be investigated. However no information whatsoever, such as name and address, was asked for by the officer on duty. Charges, of course, cannot be made without identification, and identification cannot be made without knowing whom to contact, and where to contact them. Thus, to date, the Negro boys have not been called in to identify their assailants.

The second significant incident to occur in Hattiesburg happened on the corner of Main and Pine Streets at 10:15 P.M., May 1st. Two Negro women, a mother

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(From January 19, 1956 issue)

Many times we have been asked why our editorial policy was what it is. Few persons seem to understand why we have concerned ourselves with problems of a social or racial nature, in view of the fact that a newspaper is in business to make money. And it goes without saying that money is made by having friends, generally speaking, that is.

Let us say to you what a wise man once said to us. **"Once upon a time, over four thousand years before the birth of Christ, a Mr. Cain became angry with a Mr. Abel. In his anger, Mr. Cain killed Mr. Abel. Upon being questioned by God as to the whereabouts of Mr. Abel, Mr. Cain became defiant, something of a smartaleck, and asked a question that has been asked for nearly six thousand years. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' he asked. I have found no justification in the scriptures to lead me to believe that I am my brother's keeper. Of course, I know that is not the accepted view on the subject. But this I would like to add: I have found every justification for believing that I am my brother's brother."**

Thus spoke a wise man to us. As it happens, we agree with him fully.

And our brother is of more importance to us than a dollar bill.

Questions About Heaven —

At The Gate, One Keeper... Two Gates?

(I have received some nasty letters in my young life, but none have ever been more bitter and biting than those which were received as a result of this editorial. I think it possible that a few persons failed to understand it. On the other hand, maybe they did.)

(From Feburary 9, 1956 issue)

One of the best means by which a person can acquire an education is to go ahead and do the best he can, and when wrong have someone around to correct him. That is education by experience, of a sort.

Our aim here, since we are not too well acquainted with persons who have first hand knowledge of the situation, is to just go ahead and make statements, and in the event we are incorrect, hope someone will take the trouble to set us straight on the matter.

Since early childhood we have heard from the pulpits of Mississippi the story of a City called Heaven. Our concept, from the sermons we've heard, is that in that fabulous place milk and honey are available in abundance. (They're both fattening, incidentally).

Well, in view of the ruling of the United States Supreme Court, we have begun to wonder how it will affect that City called Heaven, if at all. We have always sort of thought that Heaven was reserved for white folks, Mississippi Christians especially. But now we have some doubt about the whole business. At any rate, before doubt takes over our mind completely, we would like to inquire of Mississippi ministers if we are right in our conception of Heaven.

There is a gate: the straw boss in charge is St. Peter. When one approaches the premises seeking entrance he is asked certain questions by the boss. And they're pretty catchy questions, too. He has had considerable experience in catching liars. You pretty well have to tell the truth. Of course, we know most Mississippians have done that.

There are certain requirements, we understand. You must be white, a Christian, of sound mind, and be able to interpret the laws and by-laws of Heaven and Earth to the satisfaction of the gate-keeper. And if you can get by the gate, and aren't too fat already, you can gain entrance for eternity.

But what about the Negro? Do they have another Heaven for him? Or possibly just a section of Heaven set aside for the Negro's quarters? Are the streets in the Negro quarters paved with gold, too? Do they give him milk and honey, or does he stay too busy mopping the golden streets that run in front of the white area? Possibly it works like this, and if we're wrong, correct us.

A Negro walks up to the straw boss, St. Peter, and informs him that he's there, seeking entrance.

"Well, nigger," asks St. Peter, "what's your name?"

The Negro gives his name.

"Where you from, nigger?"

"Mississippi, boss," is the answer.

"Did you ever try to vote while you lived in Mississippi," asks the gate-keeper.

"No, sir, your honor. Not me . . . I know a nigger's place."

"Did you ever talk back to your white boss, or try to own a home as good as a white man, or complain about the difference in the pay scale between you and the white man?"

"Not me, boss. I know a nigger's place."

"What'd you do for a living, nigger?" is the next question.

"Sir, I hoed cotton in Mississippi. I worked from four in the morning 'till seven at night. And I kept my children out of school so they could hoe cotton, too."

"Pass," said St. Peter. "You're a mighty fine nigger."

Maybe that's how it is . . . we just don't know. Or maybe it's like this:

"Well, nigger," asks St. Peter, "what's your name?"

"I'm Mrs. Lula Mae Magnolia, St. Peter."

"What do you mean 'Mrs.', and what do you mean calling me St. Peter?" he asks.

"Well, sir, that's my name, and that's your name isn't it?"

St. Peter sputters something awful, "My name is Mr. St. Peter to you, nigger, and your name is just Lula Mae Magnolia . . . you know better than that 'Mrs.' stuff."

"The prefix 'Mrs.' has no social connotation, Mr. St. Peter," said the Negro woman.

"That don't make any difference around this place. Some of you niggers are getting the most outlandish notions here lately. Honest to goodness, I just don't figure it."

St. Peter wipes the sweat from his brow, having been in something of a quandary.

"Well, sir," the Negro woman begins, "the law of the nation in which I lived said that . . ."

"Don't give me that stuff, nigger," interrupts St. Peter. "I've heard that malarky before. Anyhow, where you from?"

"I'm from Mississippi, sir", said the woman.

"Well, it's a wonder to me you didn't get up here sooner than you did, considering the way you act."

"I thought you knew I wasn't up here by natural causes, Mr. St. Peter. I tried to vote in Mississippi, and that shortened my span somewhat."

"Well," said St. Peter, "let's get on with the entrance questions. Now, I know your name and I know that you are one of those smart aleck niggers who tired to vote. What kind of work did you do in Mississippi?"

"I was a school teacher, Mr. St. Peter," she answered.

Without another word the keeper of the gate just turned his thumb in a downward direction. "To hell with you sister," he said.

We're just asking of those who might know; Is Heaven segregated? Or have they provided two Heavens? Or can a Negro even get to Heaven?

For just a moment let's consider the possibilty of the fact that in Heaven there is no Jim Crow law, no segregation, and one lives on a certain street, in accordance with the size of his halo. What then? Maybe some of us had better begin to get used to the idea . . . possibly? Still, on the other hand, from what we've seen from time to time there is no use in worrying about it at all . . . it's likely to be thumbs down just when we tell St. Peter we're from Mississippi.

In Appreciation Of —

The Good Of The Citizens' Councils Of Mississippi

(From November 22, 1956 issue)

(We present below our views on the good that has been, and is being done, by the citizens councils of Mississippi since they went into business. The appreciation of the councils, as presented here, is not likely to be subject to change.)

Suh,

Here's Sweet MUSIC!

Yes, YOU too, can be

SUPERIOR

Join The Glorious Citizen's Clan

Next Thursday Night!

What? Worried about being socially acceptable?

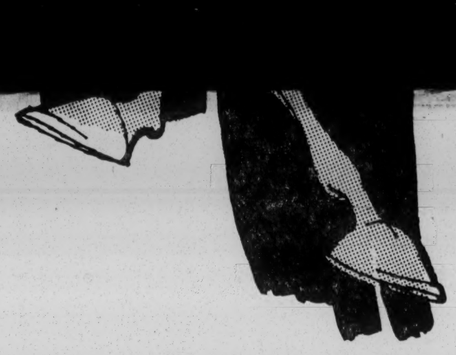
Learning to play the piano by ear? Taking dancing lessons? Using the right toothpaste?

Possibly taking a course in public speaking? Want to be the life of the party? No need to worry anymore! The grand opportunity now awaits you!

Join The CITIZENS CLAN and BE SAFE From SOCIAL WORRIES

(Absolutely No Coupons Are Needed)

BE SUPER-SUPERIOR



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(Absolutely No Coupons Are Needed)

BE SUPER-SUPERIOR

Compare These 10 Freedoms with other Old Fashioned Offers

- Freedom to interpret the Constitution of the United States to your own personal advanage!
- Freedom to hunt "Blackbirds" with no bag limit, and without fear of prosecution! (To date no member of the Clan has been convicted for killing a nigger.)
- Freedom to sit on a jury in behalf of your fellow members!
- Freedom from worry and fear if you happen to sit before a jury!
- Freedom to exercise a great Southern privilege: TO EXERT ECONOMIC PRESSURE!
- Freedom from fear of having economic pressure exerted against you!
- Freedom to yell "Nigger" as much as you please without your conscience bothering you!
- Freedom to wonder who is pocketing the five dollars you pay to join!
- Freedom to take a profitable part in the South's fastest growing business: Bigotry!
- FREEDOM TO BE SUPERIOR WITHOUT BRAIN, CHARACTER, OR PRINCIPLE!

(Many Other Freedoms, Too . . . . Only A FEW Listed Above)

THIS WONDERFUL OFFER OPEN TO WHITE FOLK ONLY

Other Items To Keep In Mind

Remember: No Niggers allowed! (Not even "good" Niggers can join this SUPERIOR Clan.)

Remember: You, too, can be SUPER SUPERIOR!

Remember: For only five dollars. GUARANTEED SUPERIORITY!

Remember: Not to join could mean you're a Nigger Lover!

Remember: The Time: 7:30 P.M., Thursday, March 21st.

Remember: The Clan needs YOU — But most of all. YOU may need the Clan!

This Page in Behalf of Liberalism, Fairness and Progress Donated By . . .

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